THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

THE PLANETS.

No. VI.

Imperat Cupido etiam diis pro arbitrio,
Et ipsum arcere, ne armipotens Jupiter.

" Love rules the camp, the plain, the grove,
" And men below, and saints above,
" For love is heav'n, and heav'n is love."

WE have heard of the musick of the spheres; but harsh and discordant are their enrapturing sounds, compared with those, which saluted my ear as I approached the planet sacred to love. Thousands of various instruments seemed to harmonize in one sweet consonance, to lull the soul to soft tranquillity, and diffuse over its faculties their soothing influence. Bewildered by the ecstasy of her enjoyment she almost forgets to live, and faints in the raptures of the purest, chastest sounds. Such musick might have soothed the raging of the stormy sea, or arrested the wandering star, astonished in its orb. Surely, thought I, this cannot be reality: either I dream of bliss before unfancied, or I breathe the air of Heaven itself. My speedy arrival within the realms of Venus confirmed and realized my happiness. Soon as I had alighted upon this delicious orb, new objects opened on my view; new feelings swelled my bosom, new ideas occupied my mind. On every side a Paradise more lovely than that where our first parents dwelled, expanded beyond the limits of my sight.* Verdant meads, carpetted with flowers, and variegated with gentle streams, delighted the excursive eye; majestick trees extended their shadows over mossy banks that seemed to invite repose; while whispers of the passing breeze inspired new passions, and taught the raptures of beginning love. Perfumes more grateful to the senses than the spices of Arabia still gratified without satiety: soft winds fanned the bosom, and a feeling more than mortal purified every thing around.† Overcome by the excess of my delight, I reclined upon a bank and foretasting the joys of Heaven, sunk into repose.

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* Philosophers tell us that every one is some time or other, swayed by love, and that the soul is not perfect until that period has arrived. Although in "these degenerate days" we do not witness Sapphos plunging "from Leucadia's frowning height," yet the torch continues to burn with undiminished splendour.—
Parce metu, Cytherea, manent immota tuorum,
Fata tibi.—

† Such is the fancied felicity of the poet—
——— Placidique tepentibus annis
Mulcebant Zephyri ——.

Surrounded with such objects and impressed with such ideas, my dreams could only be the images of what I felt; they were dreams of love. I thought a fair one, more beauteous than the Houris promised to the faithful worshippers of Alla, hailed my arrival. She invited me to follow her, and, gliding o'er the ground, she smiled with a half-averted eye, and pointed to a bower, where nature seemed to have vied with art in the graceful combination of every charm. Closely woven flowrets, with intermingled clusters of the richest fruits, hung temptingly within the reach; a silver fountain flowed before the entrance, and around, the birds flew fearlessly from spray to spray. I awoke with ecstasy: But oh! faint shadows of divine reality, how were my visions eclipsed by what I now beheld. Leaning over me and gazing with a look of tenderness, I saw an object whose smallest beauty far surpassed the colourings of imagination, or the wildest dreams of love-sick fancy. Her hair, like melted gold, flowed in graceful ringlets over her snowy neck; the mild lustre of her soft blue eyes shed around a ray of divinity; the rosy tints of her cheeks were surpassed only by the brighter ruby of her opening lips, from under which, pearls just ventured partly to display a brilliancy that seemed to ask a trial of their sweetness too. A thousand loves appeared to nestle in her bosom.‡ A light robe, flowing from her shoulders, conferred a grace upon a person which was perfect grace before. My feelings deprived me, for a moment, of the powers of utterance; but, with returning recollection, I broke forth in exclamations of rapture on her charms. Poetick numbers escaped from me without exertion, and I felt that my address, though unpremeditated and unadorned, was eloquent, for it was the language of love.§

"Ah stranger, said she, and ambrosial sweets distilled from her lips, "you behold for the first time, and therefore you adore me, but the heart was not formed for constancy, and soon as your eye shall light on other objects repetition of your view will satiate and cloy. I will prove generous; I restore your heart which I stole from you as you slept. I will be your conductress. Come with me and I will teach you the mazy paths of love, its dangers, hopes, and fears. Henceforth, that you may escape the snares abounding everywhere, look not at the azure eye or the inviting lip, but lift the veil that rests upon the soul: view that alone, and you are secure: We all may do so, but want the courage necessary for the act." Thus saying, she cast on me a glance that restored my soul. The eye appeared to be the organ of the heart, and could convey and regain it by a single look.‖

Passion being at an end, my curiosity was excited by a thousand objects, and first to know whom I so much admired and late so much adored. Smiling she replied. "The Empire of Love, the world we inhabit, is completely under the dominion of female influence; beauty is the reward of merit, and want of it the punishment of every fault. Our Queen, who unites in herself the assemblage of every charm, who with a smile can inspire the feeblest with heroism, whose agents are diffused throughout all nature, rules with undisputed sway. Her ministers in the work of happiness are Sylphs, of whom, in me, you behold one, and Eria my name.¶ On the

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‡ The object which comprises more various beauties than any other in nature, says Mr. Burke, is a female bosom.

"A bosom where a bright cœrulean vein,
"Sheds a soft lustre o'er the lucid snow!"

§ One of the many strange effects of love is, that it converts every man, at least in his own estimation, into a poet. From Petrarch whose "Triumphs" display some of the sweetest effusions of genius, to the poorest poetaster, who indites doggrel rhymes, all yield, if not to the inspirations, to the madness of the muse.

‖ This is the *speaking silence*, the *eloquent look*, mentioned by Homer in his description of the Queen of Heaven, when attired in the majesty of beauty, encircled with the zone of love, she waited on her Imperial Lord.

¶ Who will dare to doubt the inspiration of Pope? The Rosicrusian system must no

intelligence of your approach, I was despatched to protect and guard you: the musick which delighted you was mine; I witnessed your transports, conducted you to your mossy bed, and there directed the gentlest zephyrs to lull you to repose; into your soul I infused dreams of rapture, and made the most enchanting objects play around your fancy. As you awoke I assumed this shape to try your sensibility, and found you in a moment worthy of my protection. It is our duty in general to guard the fair; to you is extended an especial favour, and I trust you will merit my kindest care. You must promise to preserve, for a little time, your actions subject to Reason, for where she resides, Love can never come. This will be an arduous task, but 'tis for your benefit, and after I have disclosed to you the mysterious attendants upon this delicious, fatal passion, you may enjoy or avoid it as you will; remembering that none can remain subjects of our Queen but such as yield themselves implicitly to love." With a sigh I consented, fearful of my ability to keep my word, and conscious that if I should meet with but a faint resemblance to the charming Eria, my resolution would be vain.

Some one now passed us in man's attire: his pace was slow, his look cast downward, yet melting with tenderness, his hand was placed upon his bosom, and now and then a sigh escaped that seemed to breathe forth his soul. He appeared careless whither he went, and yet each moment cast an anxious look around: he now trembled, and his limbs almost refused to support their burthen, for the object of his desires approached. She was tall and graceful, yet her smiles were wanton, and her appearance bespoke rather an ardent than a tender soul. I asked if this could cause his fears. Your surprise will cease, said Eria, when you know her power. She touched me with a golden wand, and instantly the eyes, which before had almost escaped my observation, assumed the brilliancy of stars; the soft tints of her complexion surpassed the beauty of the rose; every fault that I had remarked before appeared more lovely than its absence; her form became so pure that it ceased even to cast a shadow, and she looked and moved an angel.* I was about to prostrate myself, when my conductress removed the illusion and restored my proper sight. "Blame not," said she, "him you see, who is deprived of your information, when even so well instructed, you plunge into as deep an errour: remember it is the soul you are to observe in order to escape delusion. Every female is gifted with the ability thus to charm, and every one employs the magick art: the talisman that dispels the mists of errour and delusion is that which discloses the mind. Let this experience prove a lesson to guide your future conduct; let it teach you to examine and deliberate, ere you fall. But come, a thousand objects claim your notice far more useful than this commencement of the passion. As you advance, snares and dangers multiply, and although the first impulse be sweet, seldom are its roses unattended by a thorn."

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longer be considered fabulous, since it is now traced to its source. My friend had given a full description of this system, but it differed so little from that in the Rape of the Lock, that I have ventured to omit it here.

For The Port Folio.

We are always happy to communicate in this Journal any of the rare productions of Genius. The following poem by Dr. Akenside has never been published in America and but recently discovered in England. The close of the second stanza will remind

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* No magician can so speedily change an object as can love. Deformity becomes beauty, vice and folly assume the appearance of virtue and wisdom, fierceness changes into amiableness, when breathed on by this potent passion.

Quam gratiarum cura decentium,
Ornat; labellis cui Venus insidet.

some of our friends of certain of the Gimcrack tribe not wholly unknown in this country. The description and office of Phantasy are in the very spirit of the Faery Queen.

THE VIRTUOSO—*A Fragment,*

IN IMITATION OF SPENCER.

I

Whilom by silver Thames's gentle stream,
In London town there dwelt a subtle wight;
A wight of mickle wealth and mickle fame,
Book learned, and quaint, a Virtuoso hight:
Uncommon things and rare were his delight;
From musings deep his brain nor gotten ease,
Nor ceasen he from study day nor night,
Until (advancing onward by degrees)
He knew whatever treads on earth, on air, or seas.

II

He many a creature did anatomize,
Almost unpeopling water, air, and land;
Beasts, fishes, birds, snails, caterpillars, flies,
Were laid full low by his relentless hand
That oft with gory crimson was distain'd;
He many a dog destroyed, and many a cat;
Of fleas his bed, of frogs the marshes drain'd,
Could tellen if a mite were lean or fat
And read a lecture on the entrails of a gnat.

III

He knew the various modes of ancient times,
Their arts and fashions of each various guise;
Their weddings, funerals, punishment for crimes;
Their strength, their learning eke and rarities.
Of old habiliments each sort and size,
Male, female, high and low to him were known;
Each gladiator dress and strange disguise,
With learned clerkly phrase he could have shown
How the Greek tunick differed from the Roman gown.

IV

A curious medallist, I wot, he was,
And boasted many a course of ancient coin;
Well as his wife's he knewen every face,
From Julius Cæsar down to Constantine.
For some rare sculpture he would oft ypine,
(As green-sick daimoiselles for husbands do)
And, when obtained, with enraptured eyne
He'd run it o'er and o'er with greedy view,
And look and look again, as he would look it through.

V

His rich Museum of dimensions fair,
With goods that spoke the owner's mind was fraught;
Things curious, ancient, value, worth, and rare,
From sea and land, from Greece and Rome were brought,
Which he with mighty sums of gold had bought.
On these all tydes with joyous eyes he por'd,
And, sooth to say, himself he greater tho't
When he beheld his cabinets thus stor'd
Than if he'd been of Albion's wealthy cities Lord.

VI

Here in a corner stood a rich scrutoire,
With many a curiosity replete;
In seemly order furnished every drawer,
Products of art and nature as was meet;
Air pumps and prisms were placed beneath his feet;
A Memphian Mummy King hung o'er his head.
Here phials with live insects small and great,
Here stood a tripod of the Pythian maid;
Above, a crocodile diffused a grateful shade.

VII

Fast by the window did a table stand,
Where hodiern and antique varieties,
From Egypt, Greece, and Rome, from sea and land,
Were thick besprent of every sort and size;
Here a Bahaman spider's carcase lies,
There a dire serpent's golden skin doth shine,
Here Indian feathers, fruits, and glittering flies,
There gums and amber found beneath the line,
The beak of Ibis here, and there an Antonine

VIII

Close at his back, or whispering in his ear
There stood a sprite, ycleped Phantasy;
Which, wheresoe'er he went, was always near:
Her look was wild and roving was her eye;
Her hair was decked with flowers of every dye;
Her glistering robes were of more various hue
Than the fair bow that paints the cloudy sky,
Or all the spangled drops of morning dew;
Their colour changing still at every view.

IX

Yet in this shape all tydes she did not stay,
Various as the cameleon that she bore;
Now a grand Monarch with a crown of hay,
Now mendicant in silks and golden ore;
A statesman now, equipt to chase the boar,
Or cowled monk, lean, feeble, and unfed,
A clown like Lord or swain of courtly lore;
Now scribbling dunce in sacred laurel clad,
Or papal father now in homely weeds arrayed.

x

The wight, whose brain this Phantom's power doth fill,
On whom she doth with constant care attend,
Will for a dreadful giant take a mill,
Or a grand palace in a hogstye find,
(From her dire influence me may Heaven defend)
All things with vitiated sight he spies,
Neglects his family, forgets his friend,
Seeks painted trifles, and fantastick toys,
And eagerly pursues imaginary joys.

For The Port Folio.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

On our first introduction to the City of Philadelphia, this collection was naturally one of the objects of liberal curiosity. Though sufficiently delighted with the portraits of revolutionary heroes and sages, with the stuffed birds of the tropicks, and the uncouth animals of America, yet we perceived a deplorable want of scientifick arrangement, and occasionally, perhaps a sort of carelesness, or childishness in the choice of many of the articles. The general impression, therefore, was rather unfavourable, and we were, for some time, of opinion that this boasted Museum had been overrated, and that it was rather a show for the amusement of children, than a system to excite the speculations of a philosopher. But every Opinion or Prejudice of this sort, has long since vanished away. The Museum now is entitled, not merely to the candid, but careful attention of every friend to Genius, and every lover of nature. A visit to this interesting collection of curiosities will amply reward the inquisitive stranger, and will detain awhile, from other joys, even the vacant city lounger. Real Science will scrutinize the genuine objects of her research; vulgar Curiosity will stare at wonders; and Affection or Vanity will induce many to repair to the Physiognotrace for the sake of a Silouette, by which the ladies dream to be immortal even on perishable paper.

The reason why we have exchanged indifference for admiration, in this instance, is sufficiently cogent. When we first saw the Museum, it appeared to us an indigested heap. The *Linnæan* classification has given it order, grace, and beauty. Besides, the additions are not only ample, but exceedingly valuable. A contemplative man will here find much room for meditation, and a man social and benevolent will experience much gratification from the attentions of the Proprietor, and his sons, who are equally courteous and communicative, and whose talents, industry, and zeal for the advancement of Useful Science, or Elegant Art, we are glad to perceive patronized by a liberal community.

A GUIDE

TO THE

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM.

This Museum is the property of Charles W. Peale, who began it in 1785, with some bones of the Mammoth, and the Paddle-Fish, which were then added to his Picture Gallery: shortly after, relinquishing his profession as a Portrait Painter, his exertions were directed, and have been ever since devoted to the present establishment. His persevering industry has been so far crowned with success—and when the plans now preparing for execution shall be accomplished, the Institution, in point of arrangement, preservation, and number, will rival in value and utility any of a similar nature.

In 1802, the Legislature of Pennsylvania, influenced by an idea of its increasing utility, granted for the use of the Museum, the greater part of the State-house, where it is now displayed in a manner better becoming the importance of the Institution, and more worthy of the State which gave it birth.

——————" Here, undisturbed
" By noisy Folly, and discordant Vice,
" On Nature muse with us and Nature's God!"

MILTON.

Quadruped Room.

This room, which is 40 feet long, contains upwards of 190 *Quadrupeds*, mounted in their natural attitudes—those of the larger kinds, with their names in gilt frames, are placed on pedestals behind wire-netting—the smaller Quadrupeds are in glass cases on the opposite sides of the room; numerical catalogues in frames over each case, state the *genera* to which they belong, and their specifick names in Latin, English, and French. The *Linnæan* Classification is generally

adopted throughout the Animal department.

Among the most remarkable of the Quadrupeds are—the long-clawed Grisly Bear from the source of the Missouri; the American Buffaloe or Bison; the Great Ant-Eater; (seven feet seven inches from the snout to the tip of the tail)—the Ourang Outang, or wild Man of the Woods; the Crested Porcupine, some of whose quills measure 18 inches; the American and New-Holland ditto; Madagascar Bats, (measuring 4 feet from tip to tip)—the Hooded Bat, &c. The Lama or Camel of South America; the untameable Hyæna, and fierce Jackall; American Elks; the Picary, remarkable for a secretory organ on its back; the slow moving Bradypus or Sloth; Antelopes from Africa; the Indian Musk of astonishing agility; and the Kangaroo, or Opossum from Botany Bay, &c.—Various horns of different animals.

And a large ELECTRICAL MACHINE sufficiently powerful to give a moderate shock, without the Leyden Phial.

LONG ROOM.

Linnæus's Classification of Birds, with the characters of each order and genus, is, (for want of space to display it better) exhibited in a gilt frame at the entrance of the Long Room. All the birds are in glass cases, the insides of which are painted to represent appropriate scenery; Mountains, Plains or Waters, the birds being placed on branches or artificial rocks, &c. These cases, rising 12 feet from the floor, extend the whole length of this room, which is 100 feet, producing an uncommonly elegant display.

The first order, *Rapacious* Birds, begins in the upper row at the head of the room, and extends nearly to the centre; each succeeding order beginning at the left, and extending to the right. In frames over each case, the *genus* is first noted, then their species, and names in Latin, English, and French, referring to the numbers which are attached to each species.

There are now in this collection (including many nondescripts) perhaps *all* the birds belonging to the middle, many of which likewise belong to the northern or southern states; and a considerable number from South America, Europe, Africa, Asia, New Holland, and the new discovered Islands in the south seas.—The variety of interesting objects in this department is too great particularly to enumerate a few; the number exceeds 760, without the admission of any duplicates contained in 140 cases.

On projecting cases, between the windows at the west end of the room, is a classification of 4000 Insects in gilt frames. Those species which are too small to be examined with the naked eye are placed in microscopick wheels with the numbers continued from the glass frames; there are also two other compound microscopes of a new construction, adapted to a large collection of choice Insects, one for opaque and the other for transparent objects, with a catalogue of each.

Projecting between the windows at the east end of the room, are Glass Cases containing Minerals and Fossils, arranged according to Kirwan. Among the Clays are some American specimens, equal to those of which the finest Porcelaine is made, in China, or France; various fine coloured Earths, proper for Pigments; a variety of handsome Chrystals and precious Stones, among which the North American Topaz. Among the calcarious specimens in Case 1, are, a Petrifick Incrustation of a Bird's Nest and Eggs; a Petrified Fish from the top of a Mountain near Naples; an elegant concretion of small Cornu-Ammonis. It is of importance that this department should, and, it is hoped, ere long will, contain a more complete collection of American Minerals, accompanied with a description of the quantity, and situation where found.

In Case 2, Vesuvian Lavas, polished; curious stones; Amber enclosing perfect Insects; Sulphurs, Bitumens, Native Gold, Silver, and other ores—among which the splendour of the Iron is most conspicuous.

Case 3, contains a valuable collection of Fossil Shells from Hampshire,

England; a variety of Petrifactions and Incrustations—among them the great American Oyster, Clam, and Pediculus Marinus found with the Mammoth; Shrimp, Crabs, Fishes, Ferns, &c. and an elegant polished segment of a Cornu-Ammonis, showing the cellular structure.

Case 4 contains Miscellaneous articles—among which are a lock of Silvery Hair of the beautiful Nictalops of England; various Calculi, Coins, &c. and 5 jars showing the result of Dr. Hunter's analysis of City Pump Water, *viz.* 220 gallons of water evaporated yielded 24 oz. common salt, 32 oz. Salt Petre, 17 oz. Magnesia, and 12 oz Lime!

Over the Birds, in handsome gilt frames, are two rows of Portraits of distinguished Personages, painted from the life, by C. W. Peale and his son Rembrandt. This collection was begun in 1779, and contains various other characters of distinction beside civil and military; such as Franklin, Priestly, Rittenhouse, Sir Joseph Banks, Humboldt, &c.—Their names are in frames over each portrait, yet there is a number which refers to a concise account of each person in small frames on the opposite cases. Of seventy persons here pourtrayed, forty are dead—Some portraits of a larger size adorn each end of the room. One of J. Hutton of Philadelphia, who died aged 108 years and four months.

In a gallery in the centre, between the windows, is an excellent organ for the use of such visitors as are acquainted with musick.

A person attends in this room with Hawkins' ingenious Physiognotrace, for the purpose of drawing profiles.*

MARINE ROOM.

In the centre of the room, supported on a pedestal, stands the Chama, a shell 3 feet long, and 185 lbs. weight; a pair of them are behind the railings.

A railing at each end of the room encloses the larger Fishes and amphibious Animals, on each of which in a gilt frame, is the respective name, *viz.* Sharks, Lizards, Sword, and Saw-fishes, Sun-fish remarkable for having neither flesh nor bones, being wholly cartilaginous, and equally extraordinary for its bulk and form, more resembling the head of an immense fish than an entire one. The smaller Fishes, Lizards, Tortoises, Snakes, Snakes with two heads, &c. are displayed in two large glass cases, on inclined shelves, with numbers referring to a framed Catalogue. The tops of the cases are ornamented with artificial Rock work, supporting marine productions, such as Corals, Sea Fans, Feathers, &c.

Between the windows, projecting 6 feet into the room, are four glass cases, containing a classical arrangement of Shells, Corals, Sponges, &c.

Against the wall are sundry skins of large Snakes; one 16 feet long (Amboiya) from South America, and the beaks of Sea Fishes.

ARTS AND ANTIQUITY.

This part of the Museum is in the Philosophical Hall.*

MAMMOTH ROOM

Contains the skeleton of the Mammoth which was discovered in Ulster county (New-York) in 1801. It is the first put together, and is as valuable as it is stupendous—being an almost perfect skeleton, the bones belonging to one animal, and very few deficient. It is 11 feet 10 inches high, and 19 feet long. A particular account, by Rembrandt Peale,† of its discovery, with many interesting remarks on it, is in 92 gilt frames, hung up in a con-

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* The attendant is allowed to receive 8 cents for cutting out each set of profiles, from such as choose to employ him.

* To prevent mistakes, all donations intended for the Philadelphia Museum should be directed to C. W. Peale, with such memorandums as are interesting, and the name of the Donor.

† Pamphlets of this may be had at the Museum.

venient gallery for viewing the skeleton.

The Mammoth is a Nondescript, and, as it is called, Antediluvian animal, with carnivorous grinders; and although formerly supposed to be a species of Elephant, yet differing from it, and from all other animals in several extraordinary particulars. Since the year 1740 the learned have been gratified with the occasional discovery of various mutilated collections of similar bones; but it was not until 1801, that C. W. Peale, after great exertions, was enabled to obtain this skeleton. Some bones of the Mammoth first gave rise to the Museum in 1785 which, 16 years after, possessed the first entire Skeleton.

Here is also part of the skull of an unknown Animal of the Ox kind, the pith of the horn measuring 21 inches in circumference—probably the horns would have measured from 14 to 16 feet from tip to tip.—This precious relick belongs to the Philosophical Society, by request of the Donor, Dr. Brown, to be placed with the Mammoth.

There are in the same room, various small skeletons such as the Monkey, Greyhound, Parrot, Ibis, Ground hog, &c. and that of an ordinary Mouse, as an object of contrast with the Mammoth.

In frames hung up against the wall, are engravings of the whole Skeleton and the detached parts of an unknown Quadruped of the Sloth kind, of great size, found in South America, and now in the Museum at Madrid. Inside the railing are similar bones found in Virginia. Encircling the door are the lower Jaw-bones of a Whale, 13 1-2 feet long.

MODEL ROOM.

Extending across this room, in front of the windows, is a case containing 1400 elegant casts from antique gems which are a part of the collection in the Antique Room; a Silver Salt Seller, which belonged to Oliver Cromwell, presented by Mrs. Washington; Antique Pot, Household Gods, and bas reliefs, from the cities of Herculaneum and Pompei; Curiously fabricated Earthen Pots found in South America—(in case 3 is a Pot resembling these, found in Tennessee, 25 feet deep); Chinese instruments and ornaments, and a considerable variety of such as are used by the Aborigines of North and South America, such as wrought Tubes of Stone, Chrystal Hatchets, &c.

Around the room are displayed some Paintings, and a number of Indian curiosities, models of canoes, spears, bows and arrows, clubs, paddles, baskets, the Phoonka or great Chinese Fan, Chinese Match Gun, and ancient Bow-gun, &c.

Here is the beginning of a Collection of Models of useful, foreign, and domestick Machinery—such as the Chinese Plough and wheel-barrow; Cottle's Thrashing Machine; a Dry Dock; improved Spinning-wheel, &c. On the floor stands a Throne of curious workmanship, said to be executed by the King of the Pelew Islands, out of a solid piece.

In cases 2 and 3, are models in wax, the size of life, of the following characters, drest in their real and peculiar habiliments, *viz.*—Chinese Labourer and Gentleman; Inhabitant of Oonalaska; a Kamskadale; an African; a Sandwich Islander; an Otaheitan; a South American; and Blue Jacket and Red-pole; celebrated Sachems of North America. These cases likewise contain a great variety of articles of Indian dress and ornaments of extraordinary workmanship.

ANTIQUE ROOM

Contains several fine casts from the celebrated Statues of Antiquity, deservedly the admiration of the world, such as the Apollo de Belvidere, the fighting and dying Gladiators, the Antinous, Meleager, Venus of the Capitol, Venus Calliope, the crouching Venus, Paris, together with Houdon's Diana, besides 12 Busts, and 10 Basso Relievos. We are indebted for these casts to the taste and liberality of Mr. Smith, the brother of Wm. Loughton Smith, Esq. of South Carolina, who deposits them with Mr. Peale un-

til they form part of an American Academy of the Fine Arts.

P. S. As this Museum, like all others, has necessarily grown into importance by means of a gradual increase from the collection and careful preservation of individual subjects; the same means pursued with unceasing care will ensure its greater perfection.—The Proprietor therefore solicits the assistance of Gentlemen travelling into foreign countries, into whose hands articles occasionally fall, which are rendered valuable in a collective view, but otherwise lost to the publick, and of little value to the possessours.

POLITE LITERATURE.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

At the commencement of the last volume of The Port Folio, save one, a change was made in the *Orthography* of its pages, by restoring the authority of Johnson; which is indeed the only real standard of our language. This reformation, Mr. Oldschool, has had the influence which might have been anticipated from the high rank of the paper, and was unquestionably gratifying to those of your admirers, who are in the habit of looking up to The Port Folio, as the criterion of their taste in most matters of literature. But while so judicious a revision was made, and alteration was so happily applied, one errour crept into your press, and has since resolutely held its place. I refer to the word *author*, which your printers invariably give us as *authour*. This orthography is not justified by Johnson, or by any other Lexicographer whom I have consulted. The true spelling of the word must be allowed, indeed, to be an anomaly; for the parent words in Latin and French have the same termination as the parents of *honour*, &c. Of course, if the rule with regard to *honour* were uniform in its application, the insertion of *u* in *author* would be justifiable. But at present it is enough for us that such an interpolation has been hitherto unauthorized. And as the errour in The Port Folio probably arose from oversight, I presume I have only to point it out.

Allow me a word or two on another head. The employment of the preposition *from*, prefixed to the adverbs *whence*, *thence* and *hence*, has always appeared to me, not only redundant, but extremely uncouth. Johnson says it is a "vitious expression;" and yet instances of its use may be found in our best writers. L. Murray, if my memory is correct, is neutral on the subject. Does the Editor of The Port Folio believe, that the phrase can be justified by any principle of our language? That it is justified by authority, the following instances will amply prove.

"Another obstruction to the fortune of youth is, that while they are all willing to take offence, they are so equally desirous of giving nobody offence. *From hence* they endeavour to please all," &c.

GOLDSMITH'S 12th Essay.

"Friendship is like a debt of honour—the more it is talked of it loses its real name and assumes the more ungrateful form of obligation. *From hence*, we find, &c."

Goldsmith's Essay 26th.

"No problem has more embarrassed the learned, than to give an account *from whence* the Americans sprung."

Lord Kaimes.

"At her coming into the room, I observed a settled melancholy in her countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard *from whence* it proceeded."

Addison, Spectator No. 7.

"Here we see the head increasing insensibly to the middle, *from whence* it lessens gradually until it mixes with the neck," &c.

Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful, p. 3 Sec. 15.

In the first examples (Goldsmith) the use of FROM is shocking to one who has an ear for composition, and in both the ease and gracefulness of the style would be rather improved by expunging it. In the instances from Kaimes and Addison it may, perhaps,

be admitted that the *froms* are essential to the roundness and harmony of the periods; in the instances from Burke, I will venture to say, that the term *which* might be substituted for *whence*, with strict propriety, though not with elegance.

C.

THE MANSION-HOUSE HOTEL.

From time to time we are careful to describe such features of this city, as may prove alluring to strangers, and are a credit to herself; and we hope, gradually, to multiply our sketches to such an extent, as, at length, to be able to present a COMPLETE PICTURE of PHILADELPHIA.†

In the founding and gradual improvement of cities, men, at first attentive principally to convenience, advance naturally from use to elegance and luxury. We first think of domestick comfort, and, in process of time of external magnificence. At a certain era in the history of every metropolis, its inhabitants, from a laudable pride, are solicitous that all foreigners and visitors should leave the place with the most favourable impressions We are naturally angry when strangers abuse our city, our character, our architecture, and our inns, and we are both naturally and justly delighted when every visitor, satisfied with the accommodation and hospitality he has received, leaves us with a reluctant farewell.

Although, as the *genuine* capital of the country, this vast and flourishing metropolis, which is incomparably the finest city in America, is constantly thronged with travellers, yet till lately the publick accomodation for them was very indifferent. Most of our inns were low, dark, dirty or inconvenient. Even some of the principal, from their vicinity to the din of business, or from being connected with stage offices and stables were extremely noisy and offensive. Many had no *table d'hote*, and where an ordinary was to be found, it was generally ill spread, and worse attended. The lodging rooms were exceedingly narrow and inconvenient, and the wines remarkable for every thing but purity.‡ A new establishment upon a broad and elegant plan was manifestly wanted, and is now formed both to the credit of the proprietor, and the city.

The Mansion House of the late William Bingham, Esquire, was acknowledged both by natives and foreigners to be the most elegant private building in this city. Delightfully situated in a tranquil quarter of the town, and surrounded with groves and gardens, it seemed peculiarly proper for a genteel hotel, and place of elegant resort. It was accordingly chosen for that purpose, is now established, and we believe is well encouraged. It certainly deserves the amplest patronage. The Master and Mistress of the inn, who have long been accustomed to the business, are extremely well qualified for the arduous task they have undertaken. Their manners are courteous. Their breakfast, dinner,§ and supper tables are exceedingly well served, and as well attended, and the prices are very moderate.

† Information and assistance are respectfully requested, from the proper authorities, respecting the publick institutions of this city, the Library, and Academy of the Fine Arts in particular, the greater manufactories, the noble bridge over the Schuylkill, Gray's Gardens, Bartram's do., Philosophical and Literary Transactions. The aqueduct, the architecture of the various Banks, Peale's Museum, &c. &c.

‡ At New-York the general accommodations, we understand, are more than tolerable, and in some instances they are elegant. But, at Boston, there is no such thing as a genteel hotel, and in most of the miserable boarding houses the unhappy lodger is exorbitantly taxed for very indifferent fare.

§ A sumptuous dinner was recently given by a party of gentlemen to a publick character of distinction on a visit here. By many of the guests who had enjoyed the luxury of London, and feasted at the restarateaurs of Paris, it was agreed that a more genial board was never spread in America. The banquet was splendid and the attendance admirable.

A daily ordinary is kept, at which may be found all the delicacies of the season. The thirsty guest is sure to be regaled, whether his taste leads him to sound Madeira or sparkling Champaigne, whether he quaffs Claret or prefers Port, whether he drinks Gin and Brandy with the *Americans*, or Soda and Seltzer water with the Invalids; and at night, when the tired traveller or the exhausted Epicure seeks the balm of sleep, he finds the bed of down and the pillow of luxury.

The order and economy of this establishment, which is decidedly the most comfortable and genteel inn in America, and which, in the opinion of many unprejudiced travellers is not exceeded by some of the best houses in London at the west end of the town, remind us of a stanza in the most beautiful poem of James Thomson.

And everywhere huge covered tables stood,
With wines high flavour'd and rich viands crown'd;
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this earth are found,
And all old Ocean genders in his round:
Some rapid hand these silently display'd
E'en undemanded by a sign or sound;
You need but wish, and instantly obey'd
FAIR RANG'D THE DISHES ROSE, AND THICK THE GLASSES PLAY'D.

In this elegant inn many of the apartments are spacious, and all are extremely elegant and well furnished. In summer the garden and shrubbery will attract the infirm, the delicate, and the contemplative; and in many a pleasant walk the merchant may, for a while, forget the cares of life and the din of commerce, and the romantick lover dream of delight and Delia. In Winter, the coffee-room, furnished with the best papers, will be thronged by many a quidnunc and lounger, eager to heat himself with politicks and a brisk fire. In the dismal nights of December, the dancers may

Trip it as they go
On the light fantastick toe.

By the brilliant chandelier the ladies may dazzle us with all the blaze of beauty, and the gentlemen display either a graceful bow, a new coat, or a *pigeon's wing*.

—— The social soul,
Who warms him in the ruby bowl,

the choice spirit, the jocund son of Comus, or the man of letters, tired of contemplation and willing to converse, will here find Johnson's throne of human felicity. In the snug supper-room, the song and the story may go round, and Champaigne and çigarrs chase chagrin away.

For The Port Folio

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We are authorized to state, that Vols. I and II and V of Dr. CHAPMAN'S "Select Speeches," are nearly ready for publication. This portion of his highly popular work is enriched with many of the most exquisite specimens of parliamentary and forensick eloquence, with which modern Genius has charmed and convinced thousands. Among these, is a speech by the Right Honourable Sir Hercules Langrishe, delivered in the Irish House of Commons, on the 19th of July, 1793, during the debate on the bill to improve and amend the state of the representation of the people in parliament. This elaborate, logical, and brilliant harrangue, which is entirely new on this side of the Atlantick, is both in sentiment and style very nearly allied to the best manner of Mr. Burke, who was the intimate friend of the Speaker.* This elo-

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*The Editor cannot resist the temptation of quoting the following passages. It is scarcely necessary for him to add, that these correct principles are fully in unison with his own.

"The prevailing argument, which is to silence every tongue, and convince every understanding on this subject, is, 'That the *Voice of the People* calls for a Parliamentary Reform;'—an argument of much weight indeed, if it were well founded!——But notwithstanding all I have heard to that purpose, I do not believe the fact to be so. The people of Ireland are *many*, the agitators, the writers for the publick prints, the heroes, and the historians of newspapers, are

quent Baronet argues with great ability against the frenzied schemes of the Irish reformers; and his remarks may be† very profitably perused by many an American.

Mackintosh's noble defence of Peltier, which has become very scarce, and which is greatly in request, both among politicians and the Gentlemen of the bar is here preserved.

All the best speeches on the subject of the Slave Trade; Flood's and Grattan's on the Union; Ld. Clare's, Sheridan's on the Begum Charge; Erskine's Defence of the Bishop of St. Asaph. Curran's famous plea in the case of Judge Johnson, together with the whole of Burke's Speeches; Chatham on the Boston Port Bill; Lord Lyttleton on the Canada Bill.

Among the precious reliques of English eloquence at an earlier date, the reader will find Waller on the impeachment of Judge Crawley Lord Belhaven on the Union of Scotland, Fletcher of Saltoun on the same, Speeches of Sir Robert Walpole, Lords Bolingbroke, and Chesterfield, Sir William Windham, and Mr. Pulteny.

The Editor has preserved some of the most valuable Speeches of the famous Malone, of Lords Mansfield, Camden, and North.

Fox on the India bill
Erskine on the Rights of Juries
Pitt on American Peace
Wilberforce on the Slave-trade
Langrishe on the Catholick Petition
Knox *ib.*
Egan *ib.*
Sheridan on the Assessed Tax
Windham on Bull Baiting
Ld. Moira on the address, and
Windham on the Peace of Amiens
Pitt on the Union with Ireland
Earl of Clare *ib.*

After so full an enumeration of the valuable contents of these amusing and instructive volumes, need we add, that they richly

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few; though they speak, as it were, with many tongues.—The discontented are clamorous; the contented are silent; the songs of industry are only heard at home, whilst the trumpet of Discord is audible from shore to shore.

"I know there are several respectable persons, who think favourably of a *Parliamentary Reform.*—Several very respectable Members of this House have indulged themselves in something like enthusiasm on the subject;—they have woven garlands to decorate the offering, and prepared crowns of laurel for those who should administer the sacrifice. And yet, when they have disclosed the particular object of their idolatry; when they have stated the different plans with which they have favoured us during the course of this session, they have discovered a sufficient *diversity of opinion* indeed. Therefore I can never be persuaded, that the people of Ireland are unanimous in calling for a measure, when scarcely any two of them are agreed in their sense of the measure itself. —*Reform* is a word to which every reformer annexes his own idea.—It is a picture that every man draws from his own imagination, and sometimes colours to his own interest. Therefore if you say the people are unanimous in calling for a Parliamentary Reform, you describe a whimsical unanimity indeed; a unanimity of discordance; something like that ridiculous concert you have heard of, in which every man sings a different tune; but as they all make a noise together, they call it a concert.

"The fact is—In times like the present, when the most mischievous industry has been employed to propagate new notions of government, and new models of constitution, mere *popular clamour* is ever ready at the call of those who invite it; and there are many to be found who take up the word *reform*, or any other parole of discontent, because they know it means *innovation*, and may be commotion. For there are in all countries, however free and however happy, many to be found too restless for peace, and too turbulent for government; men out of the habits of tranquillity; men whom commerce cannot enrich, or freedom satisfy. There are to be found in all countries, many who have neither property nor industry, nor occupation; who must embrace every thing like a change, and aspire at commotion, because they know victory may be acquisition, and defeat can take nothing from them."

† Mr. Burke, on a memorable occasion, took occasion to pay him some very high compliments. "You have," says the oratour, "an exceeding good understanding, very good humour, and the best heart in the world." In another place, Mr. Burke declares, that he honours and shall forever honour and love him, and that his services will never be forgotten by a grateful country.

deserve the liberal patronage they have gained, and that they reflect great honour upon the taste and judgment of the Editor.

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Toussard's American Artillerist's Companion.

Messrs. Conrad have issued proposals for publishing by subscription a military tract with the above title, written at the request of Gen. Washington, by Col. Louis Toussard, a skilful tactician and a brave officer, who has fought with great gallantry in America's defence. This gentleman, from his personal merit, and from the value of such a work as his, in perilous times, is entitled to the favourable regard of the publick. The nature of his performance has already been fully declared on the covers of this Journal.

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Margaretta, a new novel.

During the past Summer, Mr. S. F. Bradford published an American novel, with the title of Margaretta. Its moral is pure, its style is neat, and some of the characters are pourtrayed with the felicity of a female. As this romance, we understand, is the production of a lady not in affluent circumstances, they, who pride themselves on fostering native talents, and assisting Merit in distress, will be easily induced to patronize this performance.

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American Poems.

Messrs. Belcher & Armstrong of Boston propose publishing, by subscription, in one volume duodecimo, the Poems of Robert Treat Paine, Jr. Esq. This gentleman is well known in the literary circles of Boston, and, on many occasions, by a union of Patriotism and Poetry, has gained the applause of his countrymen, and sometimes that of foreign criticks. Some of his lyrick compositions display much of the fire and enthusiasm of the bard; and as the authour proposes to exhibit "maturer effort," and to undergo the labour of revision and correction, we anticipate that he will publish a volume, which not only partial Friendship but stern Criticism may commend.

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To Readers and Correspondents.

At the commencement of the present year, the Editor requested his Printers invariably to employ the orthography of Dr. Johnson, and in all doubtful cases, to consult that oracle, not as the responses are given in the common abridgment in 8vo. but according to the invaluable authority of the folio edition, with a careful attention to the authour's etymology, syntax, and apposite quotations. Moreover, in the composition of any manuscript, as the Editor had much confidence in his Printers with respect to a correct style, they were directed, whenever any newfangled, barbarous, or redundant expression should occur, to the prejudice of language, and in defiance of Johnson, that the same should be expunged without mercy. Messrs. Smith and Maxwell were accordingly furnished with the complete edition of Johnson, and with equal uniformity and approbation have pursued the path indicated by that illustrious guide.

A gentleman with the signature of C., and whose polite favour has the Boston post mark, has, in terms of great urbanity, made a few remarks, and one stricture upon the uniform standard of orthography, adopted at the commencement of vol. III of the New Series of The Port Folio, at the suggestion of our Printers, and with the entire consent of the Proprietor. Our courteous correspondent observes that what, in his opinion, is an errour, the orthography of the word authour, resolutely keeps it place, though it has not the sanction of Johnson nor of any other Lexicographer to whom our correspondent had access. The Editor replies at once, that this errour has not *crept in*, but the innovation, if our friend choose to call it so, was deliberately made, and on these princi-

ples: For the sake of uniformity; and as there is no occasion for departing from Johnson's practice in all other instances; the habit of many of the standard English writers, contemporary with Raleigh, Shakspeare, and Ben Jonson: This is fortified by the rule, that, whenever two vowels meet in a syllable constituting an improper diphthong, the last vowel only is to be pronounced: therefore the Etymology and the Genius of the language are satisfied by writing the word authour, pronounced by the English *authur*. It is observable that the Scots are so careful in this particular, have such accuracy of ear, and conform so nearly to the derivation, that they give the last syllable a sweet diphthongal sound, and pronounce the word *othōre:* Its derivation, according to Bailey, from the French *auteur:* and the uniform practice of James Boswell, not only a polite, but a remarkably accurate scholar, who, in his Life of Dr. Johnson, printed by Baldwin, in a mode scrupulously correct, has, doubtless from a rigid adherence to Dr. Johnson's own rule, printed this word in the manner above complained of.

With respect to the barbarous and redundant combination in the phrases *from whence* and *from thence*, the Editor's principle and practice have, for many years, been entirely on the side of our correspondent. We are fully aware, that high authorities for the use of the preposition, in both these cases, may be pleaded; but the argument of Dr. Johnson is irresistible, and a very great majority of the purest and most classical scholars, since his time, write, invariably, *hence* and *thence;* Dr. Parr, Dr. Knox, and almost all the Scotch literati, Blair, in particular, who is very rigid on this head. Our Printers were requested, on the first day of their labours in this Journal, always to expunge the preposition, whenever, in this *uncouth* combination it occurred. In all the authorities, splendid as they are, which our correspondent has cited, the ungraceful and unnecessary use of the preposition is not only an excrescence, but a most barren and unseemly one.

VIGIL is a midnight man and loves late hours with all the fondness of Dr. Johnson. But from social joys he can turn to the folio page, and, while meaner mortals are drenched with all the dews of oblivion, he can study profoundly;

At that dim hour when fading lamps expire,
And the last lingering clubs to bed retire.

The trade of vulgar criticism is easily learned, and to rail without reason is no laborious service. Shee has well described this sort of carpers:

Dolts from the ranks of real service chas'd,
Pass muster in the Volunteers of Taste,
Soon learn to load with critick shot, and play
Their popguns on the genius of the day.

We wish that "M" would realize his project. His visit would burnish the face of many a boon companion.

Come, happy friend! to hail thy wished return,
Nor vulgar fire, nor venal light shall burn;
From gentle bosoms purer flames shall rise,
And keener ardours flash from Beauty's eyes.

Lord THURLOW, both at the bar, and in the House of Lords, distinguished himself by many a bold and nervous specimen of the *abruptum genus dicendi*. Where are his speeches preserved without mutilation? The offspring of such a mind, if not lovely, like the Graces, must, at least, be dignified, like Apollo, and vigorous, as Hercules.

The *Single Speech* of the celebrated Hamilton, the friend of Burke, as it is believed, has never been printed here. How shall we obtain it? It is certainly preserved in some English repository.

A complete collection of the orations of the younger LYTTLETON would add materially to a friend's stock of literary curiosities. As whatever obliges him is a source of pleasure to us, we shall be happy to receive from an authentick source, the speeches in question.

Our contemplative friend "W" should guard carefully against those gloomy views of life, the offspring of that Melancholy which too often haunts the vacant hour. Nothing can be more judicious than the advice of my Lady Montague on this subject. Life, to make it supportable, should not be considered too nearly. The idle mind will sometimes fall into contemplations that serve for nothing but to ruin the health, destroy good humour, hasten old age and wrinkles, and bring on an habitual melancholy.

We are glad to receive the approbation of a man of business, who has not leisure to peruse prolix essays, but who finds occasional amusement in the Article VARIETY. It is the same in Life as in Landscape.

Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay
To disperse our cares away.

"Amandus" appears to suffer from a common caprice in love; let him expostulate with his mistress in the language of Moore;—

Why knits my dear her angry brow?
What rude offence alarms you now?
I said that Delia's fair, 'tis true,
But did I say she equalled you?
Can't I another's face commend,
Or to her virtues be a friend,
But instantly your forehead lowers,
As if her merit lessened yours?

Sir Walter Raleigh, we believe, is the authour of some stanzas, of sweet simplicity, the burden of which is,

If she be not kind to me
What care I how kind she be?

In the Opera of the Duenna, Sheridan introduces Antonio, singing

I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me.

In the very tone and cadence of those delightful measures, our charming friend "Manto," whom next Summer we hope to visit, has written the song which adorns our present number. It has all the beauty of her predecessours, without any thing like the servility of imitation. Nothing can be more agreeable to the Editor, than the correspondence of a writer of so much genius, taste, and sensibility. As distance, at present, interdicts our listening to the conversation of such a fascinating friend, we hope to peruse frequent letters from M.

E. W. the authouress of a domestick tour, and to whom we are occasionally indebted for moral poetry of a superiour character, is assured, that her recent essay is favourably received. We shall always be happy to receive her communications, either in prose or verse. We are flattered when she listens to any of our suggestions; and the advice which the Editor ventured to give, Experience has convinced him, has a basis of utility.

We have seen several numbers of The OXFORD REVIEW, and are sufficiently satisfied with their orthodoxy, and their style. The principles of the Conductors of this Journal resemble the principles of the British Critick, and have our high admiration. From a wish to diffuse so respectable, so elegant, and so useful a pamphlet among the men of elegant letters and sound principles in America, we advertised this Review some time since, and have received the names of several subscribers. These and new subscriptions as fast as received, are transferred to Mr. S Bradford, bookseller of this city, who regularly imports all the periodical works of merit.

Orders may be addressed to the Editor, or to him, at the pleasure of the subscriber.

We hope that the Cavaliers, to a man, will patronize this work, as the joint effort of a band of real Scholars, Gentlemen, Politicians, and Christians. A literary Journal supported by the talents of the most magnificent Seminary in the world, must have irresistible attraction.

The Speech, or rather, the violent Philippick of Mr. WEDDERBURN on the examination of Dr. Franklin be-

fore the Privy Council, prior to the war between Great Britain and her colonies, has escaped the most diligent research of the Editor, who hopes, however, to obtain it by the aid of others.

In the July of 1765, Charles Townsend, one of the most brilliant wits and fascinating speakers of the age, was elevated, in consequence of his oratorical talents alone, to the dignity of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. In this situation, with his admirable and versatile talents, with his inordinate ambition, and insatiable desire to please, combined with a sense of official duty, it was impossible that he should have been a *mute*. Nay, we know that on many occasions, to use the forcible expression of a contemporary, he talked, on a vast variety of subjects, *like an angel*. Many of his harangues are referred to by the party writers of the day, and must, doubtless, exhibit shining proofs of the Chancellor's eloquence. But although we have looked into all the registers, reports, chronicles, histories, and newspapers of the time, we cannot find a single speech of Charles Townsend. Has any of our countrymen any memorial of this great man's rhetorick? And will some English gentleman assist our inquiries?

We have access to many of the speeches of the late Earl of SANDWICH, but they are either too brief, or carelessly reported. The noble Lord, who, at a very busy and eventful epoch, was at the head of the Admiralty, and who was continually attacked by the keenest weapons of opposition, was in the habit of defending himself not only adroitly, but successfully; nay he generally disarmed his adversaries. We should be glad to obtain *genuine* proofs of his skill as a political Fencer. At the period in which Lord Sandwich distinguished himself, there was not an individual in the Ministry who possessed so much genius and talents for business.

The PLANETS shine beautifully.

We bid "S" be of good cheer, and continue his contempt for popular clamour; a troop may seem to overcome him, but he will overcome at last.

For, let his hapless case be falsely told,
By the rash young, or the ill-natured old;
Let every tongue its various censures choose,
Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse,
Fair Truth at last her radiant beams will raise,
And Malice vanquished heightens Virtue's praise.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

SONG.

Tell me not her cheek is bright
As the dawning blush of light,
That her honied lip bestows
Richer sweets than Hybla knows,
And her ever-sparkling eyes
Shame the jewels of the skies—
These may gain her love from thee,
These are not enough for me.

Does her cheek with feeling glow?
Does her lip with kindness flow?
Do her varying eyes express
All the bosom's tenderness?
While, by FANCY's power refined,
BEAMS THE GENIUS GIFTED MIND?
Then, though void of charms to thee,
She has every charm for me.

MANTO.

EPITAPH.

St. Mary Key, Ipswich, Suffolk.

ON Jo. WARNER, AGED 22, 1641.

I *Warner* once was to myself,
Both living, dying, dead I was;
Now a warning am to thee:
See then thou warned be.

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